A New SONG.

THanks to our good K—— *William*,
Who looks ſo kindly to Us,
He ſends our Money all abroad
For fear it ſhould undoe us.
Oh, Twenty Millions good,
And Ten more muſt be paid;
Abroad we loſe our Engliſh *Bloud,*
And their Leaders were affraid.

I mean not good Count *Solmes*,
Naſſau, nor *Scravenmore*;
For if there e'er were ſuch Poltrones
My Mother is a Whore:

Nor the two new made Lords,
Benting, nor Squab *Athlone*;
Nor yet our Coſin *Zuyleſtein*,
For ſuch were never known.
Oh Twenty Millions good, &c.

At *Steinkirk* they did ſacrifice
The braveſt of our Men,
And here he leaves his naſty *Dutch*
To get us Heirs agen.
Oh, Twenty Millions good, &c.

You ſwearing Clergy all,
Who grumbling pay your Mulct;
But if the Devil comes a ſhoar,
You'll ſing *Quicunque vult.*
Oh, Twenty Millions good, &c.

The Members ſell their Votes,
And give away our Riches;
But when King *James* does come again
They'll all beſh--t their Breeches.
Oh, Twenty Millions good, &c.

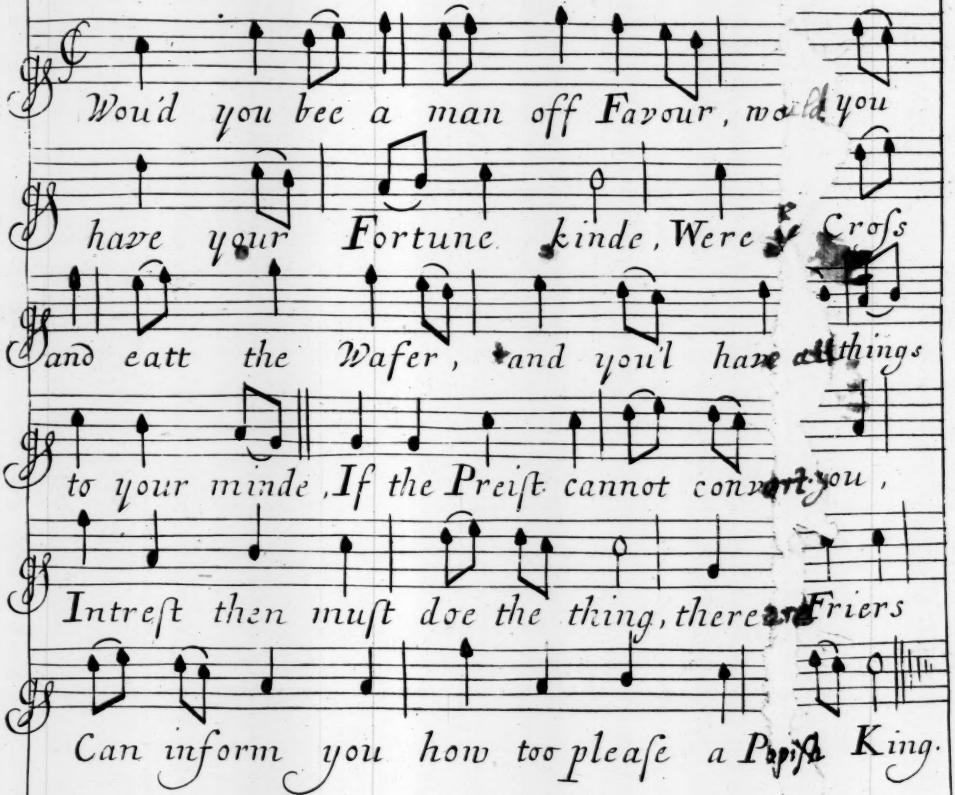
Four years you have been ſitting,
And all to mend our Laws;
But if you ha'nt your Penſions paid,
You'll turn your *Yeas* to *Noes.*
Oh, Twenty Millions good, &c.

God bleſs our King and Queen,
And ſend them long to reign;
For if they e'er do *Abdicate*,
We ſhall ne'er have the like again.
Oh, Twenty Millions good,
And Ten more muſt be paid;
Abroad we loſe our Engliſh *Blood,*
And their Leaders were affraid.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year MDCXCIII.

2.d 26. octob. 1688.

A NEW SONG.


Wou'd you bee a man off Favour, would you
have your Fortune kinde, Were the Cross
and eatt the Wafer, and you'l have all things
to your minde, If the Preist cannot convert you,
Intrest then must doe the thing, there are Friers
Can inform you how too please a Papist King.

Wou'd you see the Papist Lowring
Lost in a hurry and a fright,
And there Father-Peters scowring
Glad of Times for happy flight
Stay but till the Duch are Landed
And the Sho will soone appear,
When the Infernal Court's Disbanded
Few will stay for Tyburn heer.